HORROR TALES

K 47721

JUNE 1974

75c

FEATURING:

THE BLOOD-CHILLING

Living DEAD

THE GUTSY, SHOCKING,

"HEAD-CHOPPER!" and "THE FIGHTING VAMPIRE"

KING KONG

Item 639K.....King Kong.....$1.00
Item 639B. Beast from 20,000 fathoms 1.00
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WORM TRICK

These innocent looking pellets magically turn to worms when dropped in a glass of water. Horrify your friends with this harmless trick.
No. 612 25c

COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT

★ BADGE ★ CARRYING CASE
★ SPECIAL I. D. CARD

ONLY $2.75

This professional type detective badge kit and case includes an extra heavy silvered nickle badge for use by private and special investigators PLUS authentic-type case and I.D. Card. Impress your friends with this official looking novelty. No.860...$2.75

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Ordinary looking piece of soap. Victim washes face and gets blacker and blacker. When he gets a look in the mirror, he'll be shocked. Harmless.
No. 575 Only 35c

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NO 549 25¢

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Light one and watch the column of thick white smoke rise to the ceiling and expand into a dense cloud. Sensational surprising effect.
No. 871 20c

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A121 25¢

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This whistle can't be heard by human ears, but Rover can hear it half a mile away. Your dog will understand that this whistle is for him alone. Be amazed how quickly he responds.
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What man wouldn't enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing —a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Livens up party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item.
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Place on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream.
No. 247 50c

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Looks like real chewing gum but tastes like ONIONS! It's too funny! 5 slices to a pack.
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A 4 $1.50

Scary, Life-Size

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ONLY $1.00

Obeys Your Commands!
OVER 7 FEET TALL

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No. MT101.....$1.00

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With Combination Lock
Only You Can Open

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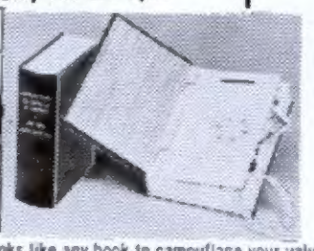

Looks like any book to camouflage your valuables. Securely locked with your own private combination. Tough under-structure is covered with simulated leather binding.
No. 700 $1.69

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
No. 678 Only 50c

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A135 1.25

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To Give you mighty striking power

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This 7 foot tall "BONEY THE SKELETON" is scary enough at any time —but wait till you see him IN THE DARK in all his horrible, spine chilling grandeur, eyes glowing like fiery coals. If you like to haunt houses or frighten friends, this is for you! Or hang "Boney" in your room or to liven up a party.
No. F200 $1.00

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We cannot accept orders totaling less than $1.00.

NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25c to total order for postage and handling.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

New York State residents add appropriate sales tax.

HORROR TALES

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Those who tamper with the unknown invite the cold, clammy hands of death, especially when their desire is to be immortal.

CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
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HORROR TALES is published bi-monthly by Eerie Publications, Inc., 257 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Single copy price: 75c. All rights reserved. Copyright © 1974 under Universal Copyright Conventions. Application to mail at second-class rates is pending at New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A.

GREETINGS, FRIENDS, FIENDS, AND DEAR FELLOW CREATURES! GATHER ROUND WHILE I BEAT THE TOM TOM THAT MAKES THE VICIOUS VIPERS BLEND WITH THE VOODOO CALL! I, THE VOODOO DOCTOR, WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO ROY GIFFORD OF THE NATIONAL FRUIT COMPANY, WHO CAME TO CASTLE MORENO, IN THE HILLS OF HISPANIOLA, THINKING HE WOULD CORNER THE BANANA MARKET...

THE LIVING DEAD

TO REACH CASTLE MORENO, ROY STOPPED FIRST AT A LITTLE TOWN WHERE AN OLD INN CALLED "LE CHEVAL NOIR" WAS RUN BY AN UGLY RUFFIAN NAMED VICTOR.

AH, M'SIEU GIFFORD, THE GENERAL MUST BE EXPECTING YOU! A CARRIAGE IS COMING ALREADY TO TAKE YOU TO CASTLE MORENO!

YES, MY COMPANY SENT ME TO BUY HIS ENTIRE BANANA CROP!

BUT GENERAL MORENO IS VERY FORGETFUL, M'SIEU! HE EVEN FORGETS THAT HE IS TO MARRY MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, GABRIELLE! WILL YOU REMIND HIM WHEN YOU SEE HIM?

WHY, OF COURSE!

SO ROY GIFFORD RODE UP TO CASTLE MORENO, WHERE HE WAS GREETED BY GENERAL MORENO IN PERSON...
I'M ROY GIFFORD OF THE NATIONAL FRUIT COMPANY!
LET ME SHOW YOU THE BANANA PLANTATIONS, MR. GIFFORD!
AND EVERYWHERE, AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD VIEW, ROY SAW BANANAS... YES, GENERAL MORENO HAD PLENTY OF BANANAS...
A WONDERFUL CROP! BUT HOW CAN YOU GATHER THEM AT THE PRICE YOU'VE OFFERED THEM TO NATIONAL FRUIT?
THE MORENOS HAVE ALWAYS HANDLED THAT PROBLEM SATISFACTORILY! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU MY ANCESTORS!
THIS WAS GENERAL GUILLAUME MORENO WHO FOUGHT THE ARMIES OF NAPOLEON...
HERE IS GENERAL ANTOINE MORENO WHO FOUGHT THE ARMIES THAT FOUGHT NAPOLEON...
AND GENERAL LOUIS MORENO, FOR SIXTY YEARS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC...
AND GENERAL PIERRE MORENO, GENERAL IN CHIEF OF OUR ARMY DURING BOTH WORLD WARS!
RECOGNIZE ME, EVEN WITH THE MASK? YOUR OLD PAL, THE WITCH DOCTOR! WELL, THOSE PORTRAITS WERE ALL OF THE GENERAL MORENO THAT ROY TALKED WITH!
IN THIS NATION THE NAME OF GENERAL MORENO HAS REIGNED SUPREME!
YOU'RE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR ALL YOU AND YOUR ANCESTORS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED!
BUT SPEAKING OF THE MORENO FAMILY, VICTOR THE INN KEEPER SAID THAT YOU INTEND TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER!
WHY, YES... BUT DINNER IS READY! WE CAN DISCUSS THE SUBJECT LATER...

IT WAS STRANGE DINING WHERE STOLID SERVANTS MOVED WITH COLD FIXED STARES...
VICTOR IS A SMUGGLER, A COUNTERFEITER, A CUT-THROAT, AND A LIAR, BUT I INTEND TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER!
AFTER DINNER, ROY SAW MORE OF THE FACELESS SERVITORS AS MORENO SHOWED HIM THROUGH THE CASTLE...
THIS IS MY TROPHY ROOM! HERE I KEEP WEAPONS THAT I HAVE USED... I MEAN THAT MY FAMILY HAS USED DURING THE PAST 150 YEARS!
HERE FOR EXAMPLE ARE TWO DUELING REVOLVERS, A PERFECTLY MATCHED PAIR, BOTH MUZZLE-LOADERS!
THEY EVEN HAVE A MOLD IN WHICH BULLETS CAN BE CAST! IT BELONGS WITH THE SET OF REVOLVERS!
HOW REMARKABLE!
SINCE YOU ADMIRE THEM SO GREATLY, TAKE THEM AS A MEMENTO OF YOUR STAY IN CASTLE MORENO!
WHY... WHY THANK YOU, GENERAL!
ANOTHER OF THE CREEPY SERVANTS USHERED ROY TO A ROOM HIGH IN A CASTLE TURRET...
WHERE FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, ROY VIEWED PROCESSIONS OF WORKERS GATHERING BANANAS BY MOONLIGHT...

BY THEN ROY GIFFORD SHOULD HAVE BEGUN TO ADD THE SCORE, BUT ALL THIS WAS NEW TO HIM! A FEW DAYS LATER...
I'VE FINISHED MY APPRAISAL, GENERAL! I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN TO THE INN AND SEND A CABLE TO MY NEW YORK OFFICE!
NO, NO...NOT TODAY, MR. GIFFORD! YOU HEAR THOSE BEATING TOMTOMS?
TOM-TOM-TOM-TOM
THEY ARE HOLDING A FUNERAL FOR HENRY BEAUFORT, THE POSTMASTER! HE WILL BE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY ON THE HILL! THE TOMTOMS ARE TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS!
PROBABLY THEY WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS OF ALL STRANGERS AT THIS TIME!
A FEW DAYS PASSED! ONE DAY AT DUSK...
WHERE IS GENERAL MORENO?
HE HAS GONE TO INSPECT THE NEW BRIDGE THE WORKERS ARE BUILDING!
TO REACH THE BRIDGE, ROY TOOK A SHORT CUT PAST THE CEMETERY...
GENERAL MORENO DIGGING UP THE GRAVE OF THE POSTMASTER!
AS ROY WATCHED, SCARCELY BELIEVING HIS SENSES, HE SAW GENERAL MORENO BREATHE FALSE LIFE INTO THE CORPSE...
SPEAK LIVING DEAD MAN! I, THE MASTER ZOMBI HAVE MADE YOU ONE OF US! YOU MUST DO AS I COMMAND!
I SHALL OBEY!
GO ZOMBI! JOIN THE REST OF MY SLAVES WHO WORK UNCEASINGLY AT THE TASKS I ASSIGN THEM!
NO WONDER MORENO OPERATES AROUND THE CLOCK! HIS WORKERS ARE ALL ZOMBIES WHO NEVER TIRE!

NATURALLY, ROY HURRIED BACK TO THE CASTLE AND THERE, WHEN GENERAL MORENO RETURNED, ROY GREETED HIM WITH A DEAD PAN EXPRESSION LIKE ONE OF MY MASKS...
ONE OF MY SERVANTS SAID YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME!
YES, I STARTED OVER TO THE BRIDGE, BUT I LOST MY WAY SO I CAME BACK! I THINK I'D BETTER SEND THAT CABLE NOW!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA! I'LL HAVE THE CARRIAGE MADE READY SO WE CAN GO TOGETHER! THEN I CAN TALK TO THE INNKEEPER ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER!
I WONDER... DOES MORENO SUSPECT...
MORENO'S ARRIVAL WAS CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION...
GABRIELLE, MA CHERIE!
MY SWEET GENERAL! YOU HAVE COME FOR ME AT LAST!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SPILL THIS ZOMBIE BUSINESS!
BUT ROY SOON FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS UNDER CONSTANT WATCH BY ONE OF MORENO'S SERVANTS...
IT IS NOT WISE TO TALK TO PEOPLE AT THE INN!
I'M JUST BUYING WINE FOR EVERYONE IN HONOR OF THE GENERAL AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE!
I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU CHANGE IN SILVER PESOS! WILL THAT DO?
OF COURSE!
GIVE US MORE WINE, AND GIVE ME CHANGE IN MORE PESOS!
AH... AMERICAN MONEY!
AND STILL MORE WINE... AND STILL MORE PESOS!
YES, A GRAND IDEA WAS BURNING IN ROYS FEVERED BRAIN! A VERY GRAND IDEA INVOLVING SILVER PESOS...

COME, MR. GIFFORD! GENERAL MORENO SAYS IT IS TIME TO RETURN TO THE CASTLE!
ALL RIGHT! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO STOP AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND SEND THAT CABLE!
A TEN WORD CABLE TO NEW YORK! HOW MUCH WILL THAT COST?
TEN PESOS, SENOR!
TEN PESOS IS NOTHING! I WILL GIVE YOU TEN PESOS AND STILL KEEP PLENTY FOR MYSELF!
COME, MR. GIFFORD, THE CARRIAGE IS WAITING!
SO THE CARRIAGE RETURNED TO THE CASTLE TAKING ALONG ONE MORE PASSENGER...
AT THE CASTLE, ALL WAS READY FOR THE BETROTHAL BANQUET...
OH, HOW LOVELY!
IN AN HOUR WE SHALL DINE!
GOOD! THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO GET READY!
SO! YOUR DAUGHTER GABRIELLE HAS GONE TO THE CASTLE!
AH, YES! TONIGHT SHE WILL DINE WITH THE GENERAL AND THE AMERICAN WHO SPENDS HIS MONEY SO FOOLISHLY!
IN HIS ROOM, ROY MELTED DOWN A DOZEN OF VICTOR'S PESOS, ONE BY ONE...
EACH ONE OF THESE WILL MAKE A PERFECT ONE OUNCE BULLET!
AND MOLDED THEM INTO BULLETS...
THERE'S ONE WAY TO SETTLE A ZOMBI PERMANENTLY, AND THAT'S WITH A SILVER BULLET! I HAVE ENOUGH HERE TO FIX MORENO AND HIS CREW OF SERVANTS! THEY'LL NEVER EVEN GUESS HOW I GOT THE SILVER!

YES, ROY GIFFORD WAS RIGHT! NO ZOMBI CAN STOMACH A SILVER BULLET! ANYWAY, ROY HAD TIPPED OFF HIS MITT TO THE TOWNSFOLK!
LOOK! THIS CABLE THE AMERICAN GAVE ME... IT IS NOT A CABLE AT ALL! IT SAYS: "GENERAL MORENO IS A MASTER ZOMBI... ALL HIS SERVANTS ARE ZOMBIS!"
WE MUST LOAD OUR GUNS WITH SILVER BULLETS AND GO TO THE CASTLE!
DRINK THIS WINE, MY LOVE... AS A PLEDGE OF OUR TROTH!
WAIT, GABRIELLE! THAT WINE IS POISONED! MORENO WANTS TO KILL YOU SO HE CAN REVIVE YOU AS A ZOMBI AND MAKE YOU HIS SLAVE FOREVER!
THESE SILVER BULLETS WILL SETTLE YOU, MORENO!
BANG BANG
AND THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, CREEP!
...AND YOU!
..AND YOU!
BUT TO ROY'S HORROR AND AMAZEMENT, NONE OF THE BULLETS TOOK EFFECT! HE WAS INSTANTLY OVERWHELMED!
FLING THE FOOL FROM THE CLIFF! THAT IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO WOULD FOIL MORENO!
AAAAAAY
SO THAT WAS THE END OF ROY GIFFORD! BUT DON'T GO AWAY! WE STILL HAVE OTHER CHARACTERS TO DEAL WITH... AND WHAT CHARACTERS!

YOU SEE, GABRIELLE, I AM NO ZOMBIE...SO DRINK YOUR WINE!
OF COURSE, MON GENERAL!
SO GABRIELLE DRANK HER WINE AND PROMPTLY DROPPED DEAD! MORENO DRANK SOME TOO, BUT IT COULDN'T HURT HIM! HE WAS A ZOMBIE!!!
THERE'S MORENO NOW! LET HIM HAVE IT WITH OUR SILVER BULLETS!
FOOLS! EVEN SILVER BULLETS CANNOT HARM A MASTER ZOMBIE! I JUST PROVED THAT I AM IMMUNE!
YES, GENERAL MORENO THOUGHT HE WAS IMMUNE, BUT HE AND HIS SERVANTS FOUND OUT DIFFERENTLY WHEN THEY WERE SHOWERED WITH SLIVERS OF SILVER!
WHAT WAS THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE? WHY WERE MORENO AND HIS MOB RIDDLED AFTER THEY WERE UNHARMED BY ROYS SHOTS?
IT IS MY FAULT! I MUST CONFESS I AM A COUNTERFEITER! INSTEAD OF SILVER PESOS, I GAVE M'SIEU GIFFORD LEAD! THAT IS WHY HIS BULLETS FAILED TO DESTROY THE ZOMBIES!
CASTLE MORENO HAS GONE TO RUIN, BUT YOU WILL STILL FIND VICTOR AT THE OLD INN BEMOANING THE FATE OF HIS DAUGHTER GABRIELLE...HE'LL TELL YOU THE STORY JUST AS I HAVE... BUT BE CAREFUL! HE STILL HANDS OUT LEAD PESOS!
LOOK! THE AMERICAN MADE BULLETS FROM SILVER PESOS, BUT THEY MUST HAVE FAILED HIM! WHY?
THE END

THE HEAD CHOPPER

IT STARTED WITH A SIMPLE LITTLE QUARREL AND ENDED IN FEAR AND HORROR! THE OLD HOUSE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WAITING TO POUNCE, LIKE SOME PREHISTORIC MONSTER, ON THE ILL-FATED COUPLE! SO, IF IT'S CHILLS AND THRILLS YOU WANT, IF YOUR BLOOD NEEDS CURDLING, READ ON, IF YOU DARE! FOR THIS IS THE STORY OF THE **MURDEROUS JOKE!**

SUE AND JOHN TRENT ARE HAVING A VIOLENT QUARREL...

SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BUT WHEN SUE GOES UP TO PACK, JOHN GETS AN IDEA AND CALLS A FRIEND...
HELLO! MORRIS? THIS IS JOHN TRENT! SAY, I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR! I'VE HAD A FIGHT WITH SUE AND I WANT TO TEACH HER A LESSON! YOU KNOW THAT OLD HAUNTED HOUSE ON THE COLD SPRING ROAD? WELL, LISTEN..
HA HA! SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, JOHN! GLAD TO DO IT! WE'LL REALLY GIVE HER A SCARE! OKAY, SEE YOU THERE!
HA HA! JOHN SURE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR! AND THIS WILL MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A HERO IN SUES EYES, KEEP HER FROM LOSING HIM! NOW IF I CAN ONLY BE A CONVINCING GHOST!
SO LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, AS JOHN TRENT DRIVES HIS WIFE TO HER MOTHERS HOUSE..
JOHN, WHY ARE WE GOING THIS WAY? YOU'VE NEVER TAKEN THIS ROAD BEFORE!
IT'S A SHORT CUT, THAT'S WHY! I WANT TO GET RID OF YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
BUT ACCORDING TO PLAN, JOHN FINDS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CAR...
NOW WHAT? BLAST IT, LISTEN TO HER SPUTTER! MUST BE THAT NEW IGNITION COIL! I NEVER DID LIKE THE WAY IT WORKED!
THIS IS FINE! A MILLION MILES FROM NOWHERE AND THE CAR STALLS!
THE CAR GLIDES TO A HALT BEFORE A DESERTED OLD MANSION THAT HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING HAUNTED..
COME ON, IT'S STARTING TO RAIN! WE CAN TAKE COVER IN HERE UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!
I D-DON'T KNOW! YOU KNOW THE STORIES ABOUT THIS OLD HOUSE! WASN'T THERE A MURDER THERE, OR SOMETHING?

SO, CARRYING OUT HIS PLAN TO TEACH SUE A LESSON, JOHN OPENS THE CREAKING DOOR...
YES, I THINK A MURDER WAS COMMITTED HERE! SO WHAT? YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?
I...I DON'T KNOW! I JUST KNOW THAT I DON'T LIKE IT HERE!
SUDDENLY...
WHOOOEEEEE
JOHN! LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?
AND AS HE HAD EXPECTED, HIS WIFE LEAPS INTO HIS ARMS, IN FEAR...
HA HA! MORRIS IS DOING A FINE JOB! THAT (CHUCKLE) GROAN SOUNDED JUST LIKE A REAL GHOST MIGHT SOUND!
DON'T WORRY! PROBABLY ONLY THE WIND!
HOW COULD THAT HORRIBLE SOUND BE THE WIND? THERE ISN'T ANY WIND!
OHHHHHHHH
I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND SEE IF IT REALLY IS A GHOST! I'M NOT AFRAID, BUT I'M CURIOUS!
DON'T YOU DARE LEAVE ME ALONE!
SO THE SCHEME IS WORKING! SUE NOW FORGETS ALL ABOUT GOING HOME TO MOTHER! SHE IS VERY IMPRESSED WITH JOHN'S COURAGE...
JOHN, YOU'RE SO BRAVE! I'M SCARED TO DEATH, AND YOU DON'T EVEN SEEM TO MIND THOSE HORRIBLE NOISES!
DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART! I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!
BUT AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, JOHN GETS A VERY NASTY SHOCK..
L-LOOK! A MAN! HIS LEGS ARE STICKING OUT OF THAT DOOR! HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S D-DEAD!
HUH! Y-YES! HE DOES LOOK DEAD!
GREAT SCOTT! I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS!
AND THE MAN IS DEAD! WORSE, THE BODY IS THAT OF MORRIS, JOHN'S FRIEND!
EEEEK! JOHN T-THAT'S MORRIS SLATTERY! B-BUT HOW...
I DON'T KNOW, B-BUT IT SURE ENOUGH IS MORRIS! AND HE'S VERY DEAD!

THEN SUE BEGINS TO SUSPECT SOMETHING FISHY...
WHAT'S GOING ON, JOHN TRENT? WHAT WAS MORRIS DOING HERE? WAS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE?
Y-YES! BUT IT'S NO JOKE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE!

WE WANTED TO SCARE YOU, DEAR! TO KEEP YOU FROM LEAVING ME! BUT WHO COULD HAVE KILLED HIM!?
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE!

SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND THEM, THERE IS A TERRIBLE CACKLING LAUGH...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT AXE?
JOHN, LOOK OUT!

I KILLED YOUR FRIEND THERE... AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU WITH THIS SAME AXE! JUST THE WAY I KILLED ALL THE OTHERS!

SUE, TERRIFIED OUT OF HER WITS, RUNS FOR THE DOOR...
JOHN! RUN... RUN! SHE'S INSANE! HURRY!
SAVE YOURSELF! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'LL HOLD HER UNTIL YOU GET TO THE CAR! THEN I'LL JOIN YOU!

BUT SUE SLIPS ON THE CRUMBLING OLD STAIRS...
EEEEEK!

AND GOES CRASHING DOWN AS A HORRIBLE SCREAM RINGS OUT FROM THE ROOM ABOVE...
GAAAAAAA
AND THEN A TERRIBLE SILENCE DESCENDS ON THE OLD HOUSE...
HEE HEE! DEAD AS A DOORNAIL! CHOPPED HIM UP JUST LIKE THE OTHERS! NOW I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO KILL! AND PEOPLE (CHUCKLE) THINK I'M CRAZY!
HEH HEH! THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY, DID YOU!
THERE IS A SNAPPING SOUND AS SUE'S FRAGILE NECK IS BROKEN...
TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME! I'M NOT GOING BACK TO THAT PLACE!
COME ALONG, NOW... YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE ASYLUM!
THERE IS A SUDDEN WAIL OF SIRENS IN THE NIGHT OUTSIDE...
CAREFUL, BOYS! YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY SHE IS!
HO HO... THE POLICE AFTER ME AGAIN! THEY ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TO LOOK, CURSE THEM!
EASY DOES IT, GRANNY! GIVE ME THAT AXE! THAT'S A NICE OLD LADY!
LATER AFTER THE BODIES HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO THE MORGUE AND THE OLD WOMAN RETURNED TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM...
TRY TO FIGURE THAT ONE, HUH! WHAT ON EARTH WERE THOSE PEOPLE DOING IN THAT HOUSE?
WE'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT EVERY TIME THE OLD LADY ESCAPES FROM THE ASYLUM SHE GOES THERE!
SHE MURDERED HER HUSBAND THERE, THEN WENT INSANE! NOW SHE THINKS HER HUSBAND IS STILL ALIVE AND LIVING THERE! SHE ALWAYS GOES BACK TO KILL HIM! IF OTHER PEOPLE GET IN THE WAY...
THE END

WARNING:

You won't want to be alone when you look at these FULL COLOR reproductions from the

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Television Series

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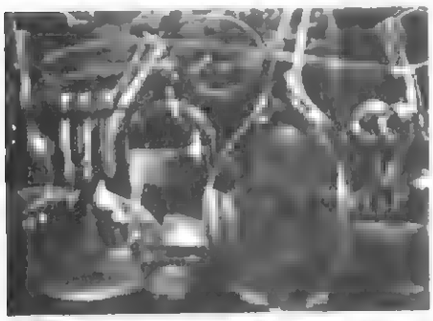

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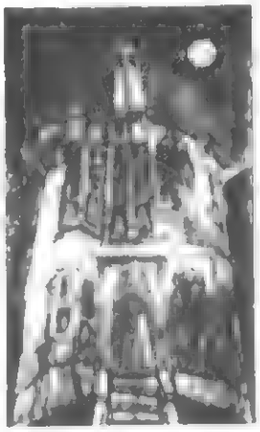

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BLOODY MARY

SHE WAS SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING DANGEROUS! WATCH THIS LITTLE DARLING PLAY HER FAVORITE GAME... IT WILL KILL YOU!

THEY CALLED HER SISTER... THEY SAID THEY ADOPTED HER... BUT THERE WAS A LOT MORE TO THE STORY OF THIS PINT-SIZED GIRL...

SHE ALWAYS PUTS THINGS OUT OF MY REACH!

HERE WAS A DEVILS CHILD...

WHAT WAS THAT? SISTER...

NOW THE FIREWORKS WILL BEGIN! SHE'LL HOLLER ALL DAY ABOUT THAT BROKEN JAR!

THE NEIGHBORS REGARDED SISTER'S FOSTER MOTHER AS A HIGH-STRUNG IRRITABLE WOMAN... BUT OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY...
I DIDN'T.. I DIDN'T! OH, IF I WAS ONLY BIGGER!
BRAT! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!
NOW GET DOWNSTAIRS AND STAY THERE! IT'LL TEACH YOU TO BEHAVE!
STOP IT... YOU'RE HURTING... OHH...
SISTER'S FOSTER MOTHER HAD A LOT ON HER MIND... A LOT OF UNPLEASANT THOUGHTS...
BUT SISTER HAD A PLAN THAT WOULD CHANGE THINGS...
WHAT OTHER WOMAN WOULD PUT UP WITH THE THINGS I DO... I'D LIKE TO KNOW...
GO AHEAD, NAP YOU OLD HAG! SO YOU'RE TIRED ARE YOU?
WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD LONG NAP, AND LITTLE SISTER IS ALL FOR MAKING YOUR WISH COME TRUE!
CLOSE YOUR EYES, IT'S SLEEPY TIME!
ZAC!
STOP! PUT THAT JUMPROPE DOWN! ARE YOU CRAZY? STOP, I SAY...

SISTER HAD A LOT OF STRENGTH FOR HER SIZE... DEADLY STRENGTH..
DARN THESE BRAIDS... SOMETIMES I CAN FIX THEM NICE... BUT TODAY I'M A LITTLE UPSET!

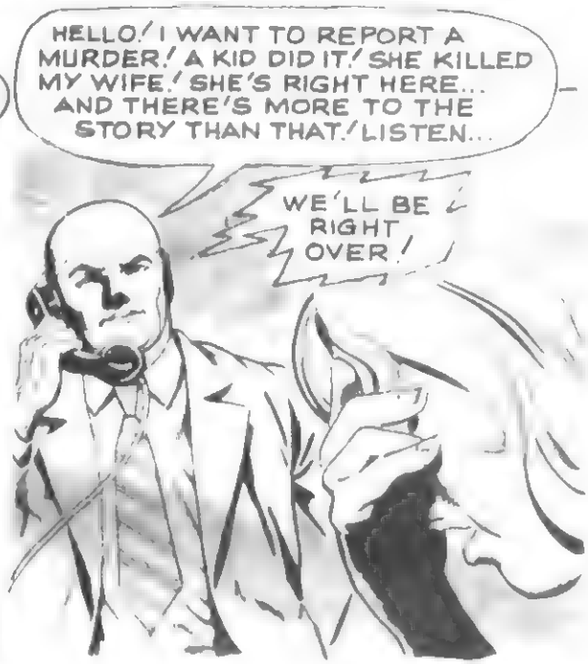
HELLO! SISTER... YOU HERE? HELLO!
CERTAINLY I'M HERE! YOU KNOW YOU TOLD ME NEVER TO GO OUT!

I MUST BE GOING CRAZY! I HAD SUCH A FUNNY FEELING, I RUSHED HOME FROM WORK! SO EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, EH! WHERE'S EMILY?
IN THERE... SLEEPING I GUESS...

HE'S GETTING AS BAD AS SHE WAS... ALWAYS PICKING ON ME...
EMILY! EMILY... WAKE UP. OHH. NO.

YOU... YOU DID THAT! YOU KILLED HER, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, DON'T EXPECT ME TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO

I'M CALLING THE POLICE, AND I'M GOING TO TELL THEM *EVERYTHING*!
NO... DON'T...


HELLO! I WANT TO REPORT A MURDER! A KID DID IT! SHE KILLED MY WIFE! SHE'S RIGHT HERE... AND THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY THAN THAT! LISTEN...
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

A KID COULD HAVE DONE IT, I GUESS!
ACCORDING TO THE NEIGHBORS, YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAD PLENTY OF QUARRELS..
SAY, YOU DON'T THINK I...

WHILE IN THE OTHER ROOM...
I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET! HE MADE ME PROMISE I WOULDN'T TELL...

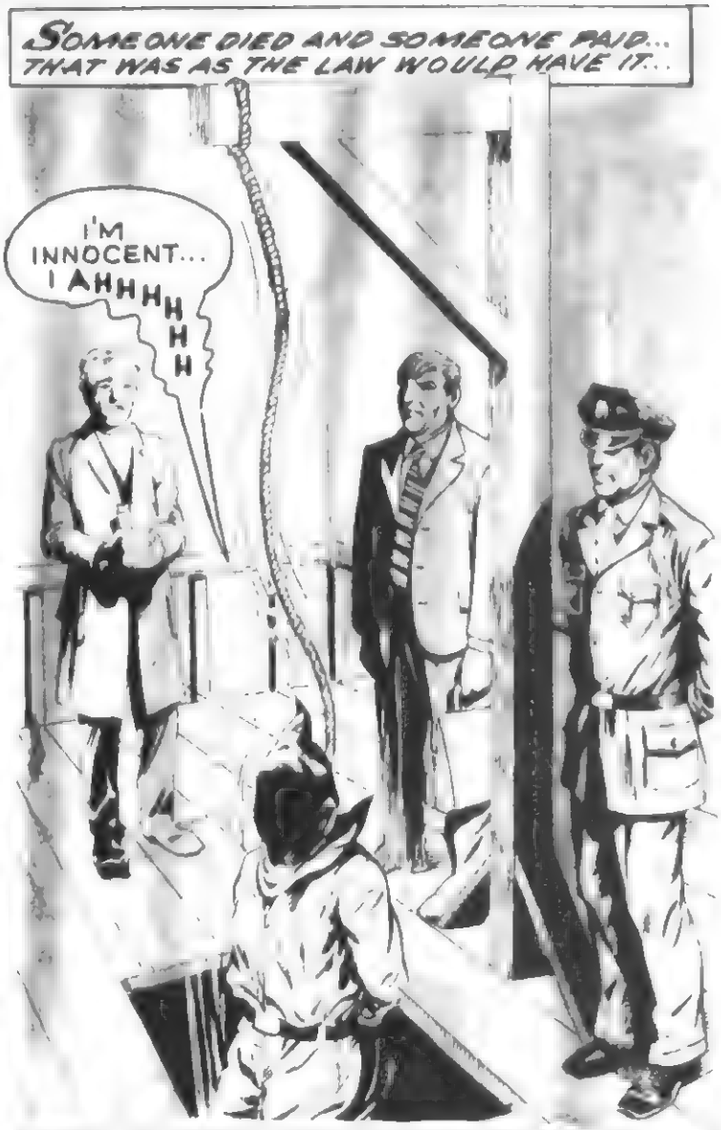
YOU DID IT! I SAW YOU... YOU MADE ME PROMISE, BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOUR SECRET!
D- DON'T BELIEVE HER! THE TRUTH OF THE STORY IS THIS...
YEAH... WE CAN IMAGINE! BLAME THE KID, YOU RAT!

AND SO..
HOW CAN I HELP YOU IF YOU INSIST ON CLINGING TO THAT FOOLISH LIE ABOUT THE KID!
BUT SHE'S NO KID! I TELL YOU SHE'S A MIDGET! WE ALL WORKED TOGETHER IN A CIRCUS... I MADE OFF WITH SOME FUNDS.. SHE CAUGHT ON AND BLACK-MAILED ME!

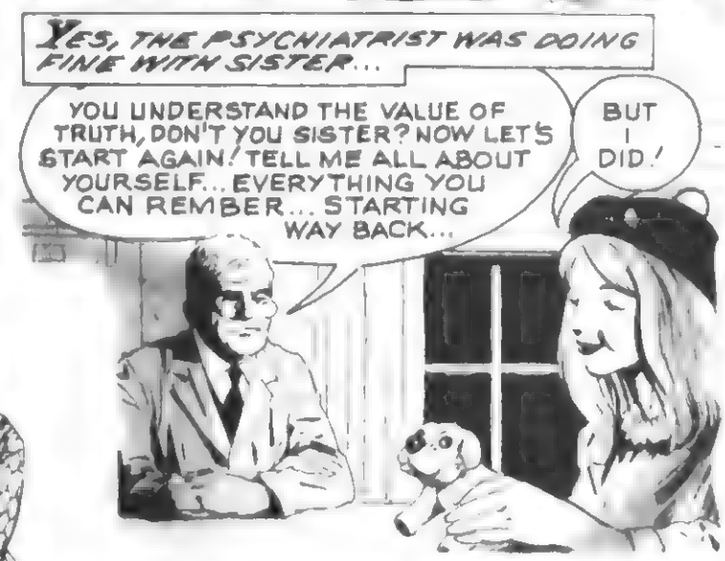
SO THAT WAS SISTERS STORY! BUT WOULD THE COURT EVER HEAR IT?
DON'T BE TIMID, LITTLE GIRL!
OH, I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU, YOU'RE A NICE MAN!

I'M AFRAID OF HIM! HE'S GOING TO HURT ME BECAUSE HE'S MAD THAT I TOLD HIS SECRET!
NO... YOU MUSTN'T LISTEN TO HER!... PLEASE, YOUR HONOR...
I PROTEST!
SIT DOWN!

NO...THE COURT NEVER DID HEAR THAT STORY ABOUT SISTER...THEY WERE TOO BUSY SENTENCING A HYSTERICAL PRISONER...
SOME GUY BLAMING A KID!
HE DESERVES THIS!


SOMEONE DIED AND SOMEONE PAID... THAT WAS AS THE LAW WOULD HAVE IT...
I'M INNOCENT... I AHHHHHHH

AND SISTER WAS TAKEN CARE OF TOO...
SHE'S LIKE MY OWN KID! SWEET AS THEY COME!
WELCOME, DEAR! COME RIGHT IN!


YES, THE PSYCHIATRIST WAS DOING FINE WITH SISTER...
YOU UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF TRUTH, DON'T YOU SISTER? NOW LET'S START AGAIN! TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF...EVERYTHING YOU CAN REMBER... STARTING WAY BACK...
BUT I DID!

THUS...AS THE DAYS PASSED...
I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT SHE'S COMING OUT OF THAT SILENCE! I WAS WORRIED!
THE DOCTOR IS HELPING HER FINE!

HE LISTENED CAREFULLY...AND TO LISTEN IS TO LEARN...
WE'LL TALK AGAIN TOMORROW!
IS THAT ALL, DOCTOR?

NO, THAT'S NOT ALL, SISTER! THE POLICE WILL HAVE TO TAKE OVER YOUR CASE NOW! WHY, YOU'RE AS OLD AS THEY ARE!
THIS WAS ONE CASE IN A MILLION AND THE DOCTOR WOULD HAVE TO DO A LOT OF CAREFUL EXPLAINING...
IF I COULD ONLY LOCATE SOME LOCAL RECORDS! HER BIRTH CERTIFICATE, OR...
IT'S INCREDIBLE! AND IT'S PRODUCED NOT ONLY MURDER, BUT A DREADFUL MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE... STILL SHE'LL PAY IN THE LONG RUN!
Y-YOU WOULDN'T...
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, YOU QUESTION ASKING OLD FOOL!
AND YOUR NOTES ON ME WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD NOW, SO I'LL GET RID OF THEM TOO!
COME QUICK! SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED TO THE NICE DOCTOR... FIRE AND..
NEVER YOU MIND, DARLING! THAT'S FOR OLDER FOLKS TO TAKE CARE OF!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER
POOR LITTLE THING! WHAT COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THAT DOCTOR? TAKING HIS LIFE PRACTICALLY IN FRONT OF THIS SWEET CHILD!
WE WON'T HAVE HER LONG... SOMEONE IS SURE TO ADOPT HER SOON!
THE END

JAB HIM, JOEY! THAT'S IT! YOU GOT HIM! STICK HIM, JOEY, STICK HIM!

PUFF... PUFF HE'S TOO FAST... CAN'T... MOVE MY FEET... GOT TO STALL...

THEY CALLED HIM THE BEST FIND SINCE DEMPSEY! HE WAS FAST AND SMART... AND HE WAS A LADIES MAN... BUT SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HEAVY DRINKING WOULDN'T DO HIM GOOD!

THE FIGHTING VAMPIRE

JOEY "TIGER" WILSON WOKE UP FROM HIS LULLABY.. RIGHT WHERE HE ALWAYS WOKE UP...
UH-H... GOT TO MAKE BELL... I'LL FINISH HIM NEXT ROUND... I'LL...
AW... STOP IT! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' NO MORE BELL TONIGHT!
HUH? WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPEN'D?
YOU GOT CLOBBERED! HE MADE A PATSY OUTTA YOU! PUT ON YER CLOTHES AN' LET'S GO!
JOEY WASN'T A GENIUS, BUT HE WAS BIG... BUILT LIKE A TRUCK... AND HE LIKED DAMES...
SHE WAS GONNA MEET ME HERE, CARL! SHE TOLD ME!
YEAH... SHE TOLD YA! WHATTA LAUGH!
YOU SAW HER, LOUIE! SHE WAS CHEERIN' FOR ME! TELL ME YOU SAW HER! WHERE IS SHE?
YOU MEAN THAT BLOND SITTIN' NEAR THE RING? YEAH... I SAW HER... ON HER WAY OUT... SHE GAVE ME A MESSAGE FER YOU! SHE SAID... "DROP DEAD!"
HA... HA... IMAGINE A BIG BUM LIKE YOU THINKIN' A DAME LIKE HER IS GONNA GIVE YA A TUMBLE! HA, HA!
SHE TOL' ME SHE'D WAIT! SHE SAID...
SHE LIED TO ME! SHE TOLD ME...
LET'S GO! THIS PLACE STINKS! C'MON... LET'S FERGET ABOUT HER! I SAID C'MON!

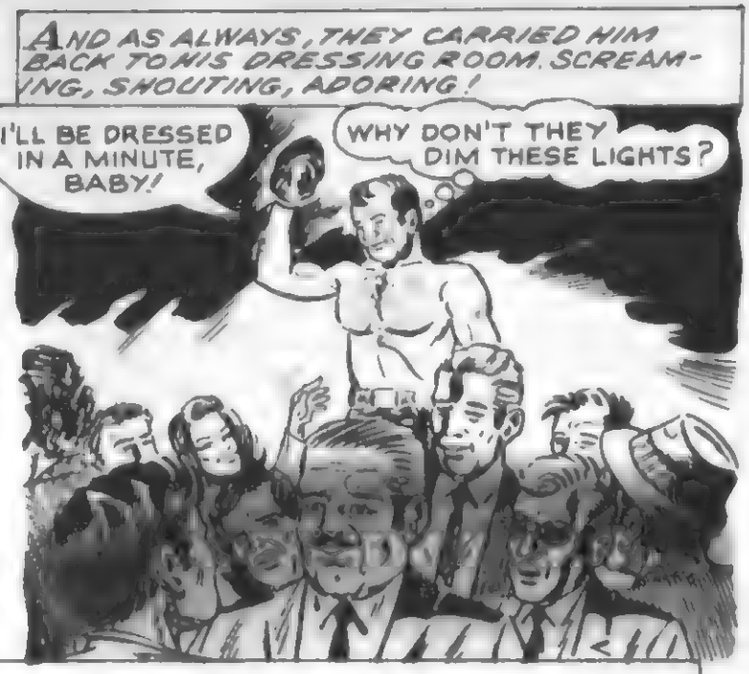
DAMES TOLD JOEY A LOT OF THINGS. AND JOEY KEPT GETTING THE GATE! ONE HOUR LATER IN HIS HOTEL ROOM!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, CARL? I KNOW I CAN COP THE CHAMPIONSHIP... I KNOW IT!
I'M GLAD ONE OF US KNOWS IT, 'CAUSE NO ONE ELSE DOES!
WHAT'S THAT YA GOT IN YER HAND, CARL?
JUST DRINK IT! YA WANNA BE FAST ON YER FEET, RIGHT!
WHAT IS IT? WILL IT HURT ME?
SWALLOW IT! IT'S GONNA MAKE YA OVER!
OKAY... IF YA SAY SO... IT'S KINDA BITTER! ⇒GULP⇐
THAT'S O.K., JOEY! ALL HEALTH JUICES TASTE BITTER!
SO JOEY SWALLOWED HIS "HEALTH JUICE"!
HEY... I... I FEEL FUNNY! VERY FUNNY!
IT'S GONNA CLEAR UP YER HEAD! YOU'LL SEE!
JOEY SAW! THAT NEXT MORNING ON THE ROAD...
I NEVER USTA LIKE ROADWORK, CARL! GEE, I FEEL GREAT!
I TOLD YA, JOEY! KEEP IT UP! YOU ARE GOING TO BE OKAY!

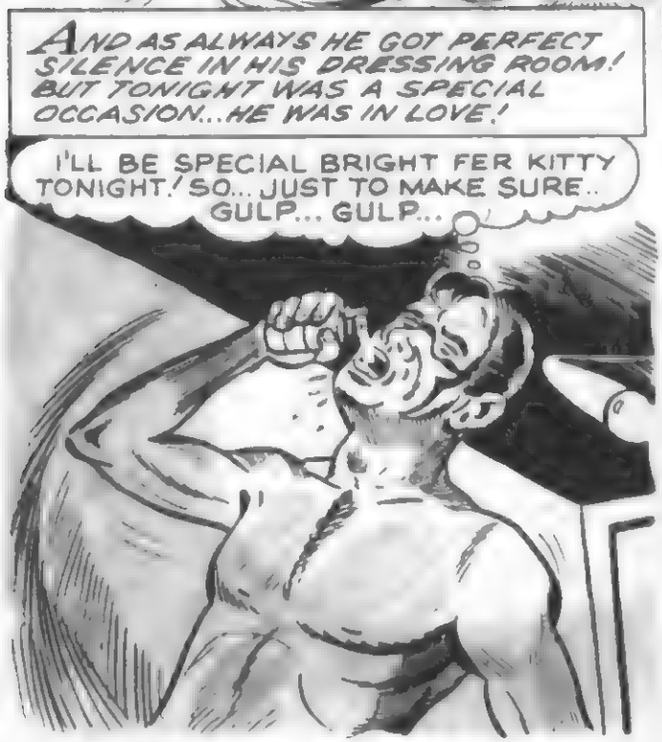
SOON JOEY WAS FEELING IN THE PINK OF CONDITION. HE WAS READY TO TAKE ON ANYONE...
NOW REMEMBER, WHEN HE SHOOTS OUT HIS RIGHT, CROUCH AND HAND HIM AN UPPERCUT!
YEAH... BUT I WISH THESE LIGHTS WEREN'T SO BRIGHT!
THE BELL RANG, THE CROWD ROARED, THE TWO FIGHTERS SHUFFLED TOWARD EACH OTHER, BUT JOEY'S EARS HURT FROM THE NOISE...
CAN'T STAND THAT NOISE! THOSE LIGHTS ARE KILLIN' ME! I'M NOT STAYIN' HERE!
I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM! THOSE LIGHTS... OWWW! MY EYES!
THE CROWD WENT WILD, BUT JOEY WASN'T FEELING GOOD... IN FACT, HE FELT ROTTEN...
YA SEE? I TOLD YA, YA WON!
GET ME OUTTA HERE, CARL! MY EYES HURT SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE! AND DON'T SHOUT!
THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN... CARL MAKING JOEY DRINK HIS "HEALTH JUICE"... AND JOEY GETTING MORE AND MORE NERVOUS...
FINISH IT ALL! YOU'RE DOING FINE....
AND TIGER WINSTON STARTED TO CLIMB! HIS REFLEXES WERE QUICKER, HIS LEGS FASTER, HIS MUSCLES STRONGER, HIS MIND SHARPER!

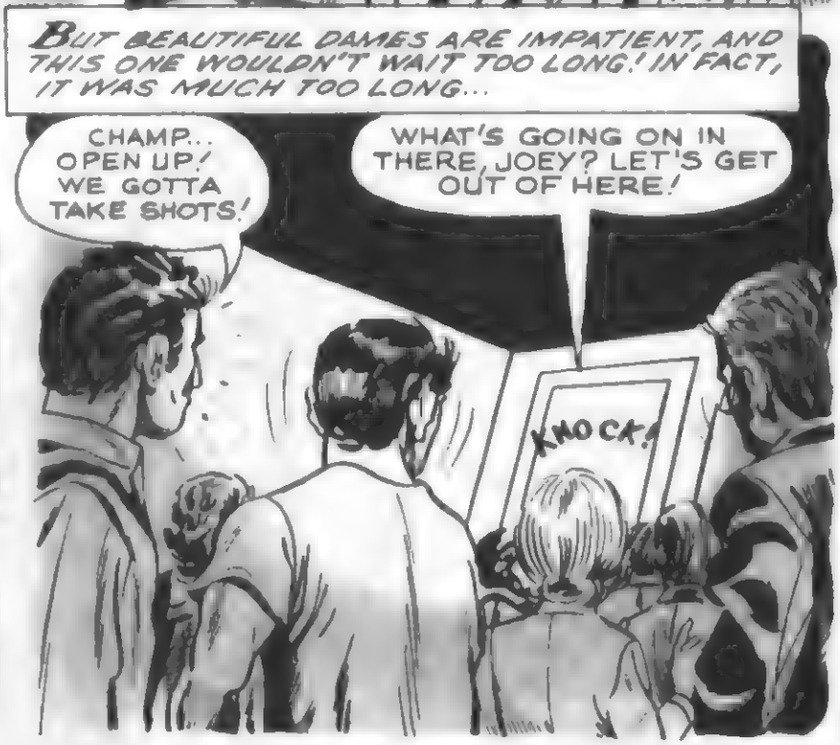
JOEY'S HAIR GREW MORE ABUNDANTLY! HIS FEATURES MORE REGULAR... HIS SPEECH CLEARER... HIS PERSONALITY MAGNETIC, AND HIS FINANCES WERE BOOMING!
DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME... I GOT THINGS TO DO!
IF HE LIKED HIS "HEALTH JUICE" BEFORE... NOW HE LOVED IT!
C'MON, HURRY! MY EYES AIN'T BEEN TOO GOOD TODAY!
HOLD YER HORSES, YOU'LL GET IT!
AND JOEY CLIMBED AND CLIMBED...
HE LOOKS GOOD, CARL, REAL GOOD!
SOON JOEY WAS ON TOP! THAT'S WHEN CARL CLAMPED DOWN!
YOU HEARD ME, I WANT NINETY PERCENT OF THE TAKE, OR NO MORE "HEALTH JUICE!"
YOU CRAZY? I'M THE FIGHTER! YOU'RE THE MANAGER!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUT LOOK AT YOU, JOEY! YOU'RE A DIFFERENT GUY. YOU WANNA LOSE YOUR LOOKS, LOSE THE DAMES, LOSE YOUR FIGHTS? NO MORE "HEALTH JUICE"!
I'LL RAM YER TEETH DOWN YER THROAT! I'LL MAKE YA WISH YA HADN'T TRIED ANYTHIN'!
I WOULDN'T TRY IT, JOEY! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR DAILY DRINK? WHERE'D YA GET IT, JOEY?
Y-YEAH... GUESS YA GOT ME, CARL!
YOU'RE USIN' YER NOGGIN', BOY! FROM NOW ON I GET THE DOUGH! JUST REMEMBER THAT!

SURE, CARL! I'LL REMEMBER THAT! BUT YER TOO BIG FER YER BRITCHES, CARL.. MUCH TOO BIG!
SO JOEY BIDED HIS TIME, HIS NEWLY SHARPENED WITS WORKING ON A SCHEME. THEN ONE NIGHT WHEN CARL WENT OUT, JOEY FOLLOWED!
HE'S GOING INSIDE THAT CRAZY HOUSE! NOBODY AROUND, BUT BATS!
BATS! SO THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN DRINKING, BATS BLOOD! HE'S DRAININ' 'EM OF THEIR BLOOD!
JOEY CREPT CLOSER... AND CLOSER... AND CLOSER...
OH GODS OF DARKNESS, LET THIS POTION BE CREATED FOR...
GOODBYE, CARL!
AAARGHHH!
AND WHEN CARL FELL, JOEY DRANK!
HE WAS SPOUTING MUMBO-JUMBO FROM THAT BOOK! NOW IT'S MINE! I'LL BURY CARL WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM AND DRINK AS MUCH AS I WANT!
JOEY CARRIED ON ALONE! HIS FINANCES GREW... AND HIS ADMIRERS GREW!
I'LL MEET YA LATER, BABY!
WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE MY DRESSIN' ROOM! IT WON'T TAKE MORE 'N A MINUTE!

IT NEVER DID TAKE OVER A MINUTE!
EIGHT... NINE... TEN... HE'S OUT!


AND AS ALWAYS, THEY CARRIED HIM BACK TO HIS DRESSING ROOM. SCREAMING, SHOUTING, ADORING!
I'LL BE DRESSED IN A MINUTE, BABY!
WHY DON'T THEY DIM THESE LIGHTS?


AND AS ALWAYS HE GOT PERFECT SILENCE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM! BUT TONIGHT WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION...HE WAS IN LOVE!
I'LL BE SPECIAL BRIGHT FER KITTY TONIGHT! SO... JUST TO MAKE SURE.. GULP... GULP...


BUT BEAUTIFUL DAMES ARE IMPATIENT, AND THIS ONE WOULDN'T WAIT TOO LONG! IN FACT, IT WAS MUCH TOO LONG...
CHAMP... OPEN UP! WE GOTTA TAKE SHOTS!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE, JOEY? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
KNOCK!

HE DOESN'T ANSWER, BREAK IT DOWN! HE'S PROBABLY SLEEPING!
SMASH

THE END
JOEY WINSTON WAS SLEEPING ALL RIGHT! HE'D BE SLEEPING DURING THE DAY-TIME FOREVER! BECAUSE HE HAD MADE THE MISTAKE OF DRINKING TOO MUCH, HE HAD FINALLY TURNED INTO A BAT!

THE SKELETON

HELLO, ALL YOU HORRIBLE PEOPLE OUT THERE! I'M YOUR REAL *CREEPY* MASTER OF CEREMONIES, AND I WANT TO TELL YOU A STORY THAT WILL *KILL* YOU!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN A TV STUDIO WHERE WE WILL MEET MILLIE, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO MARRIED JUD, AN AGING COMEDIAN, BEFORE SHE REALIZED HE WAS ON THE SKIDS!

I DON'T SEE ANY SENSE IN EVEN REHEARSING THIS CORNY ROUTINE OF JUD'S!

MILLIE'S RIGHT, JUD!

GET THE SET UP, MY FIENDISH FOLKS? MILLIE HATES JUD... DANNY WANTS TO MAKE TIME WITH MILLIE!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, JUD AND I ARE WASHED UP, DANNY!

AND I CAN HELP YOU, MILLIE! THE SPONSOR HAS BEEN AFTER ME TO DROP JUD FROM THE PROGRAM ANYHOW!

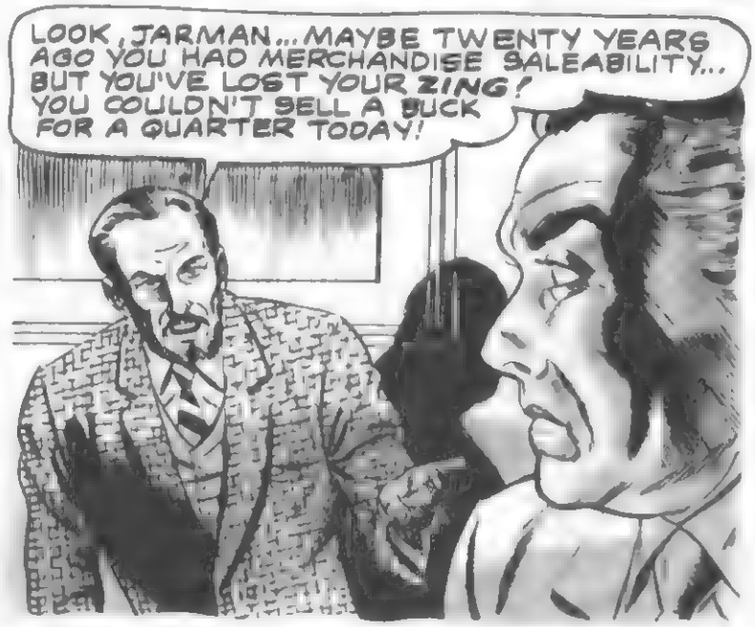
NO! NO! THEY *CAN'T!* MILLIE... DANNY...

I'M NOT THROUGH! I'M JUST AS FUNNY AS I EVER WAS! WHY I'M ONE OF THE FUNNIEST MEN IN THE WORLD!

BUT JUD COULD NOT CONVINCE THE PEOPLE WHO COUNTED...
MR. PETERS! I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU!
I TRIED TO KEEP HIM OUT, MR. PETERS!

THAT YOUNG PUNK DANNY LAMOND IS RUINING YOUR PROGRAM! MR. PETERS! YOU NEED ME ON IT!
WELL... DIG HIM... THE HAS BEEN!

THE NAME JUD JARMAN IS WHAT SELLS PETERS' PAPRIKA PRODUCTS!


LOOK, JARMAN... MAYBE TWENTY YEARS AGO YOU HAD MERCHANDISE SALEABILITY... BUT YOU'VE LOST YOUR ZING! YOU COULDN'T SELL A BUCK FOR A QUARTER TODAY!

PRIVATE
SORRY, JUD... YOU'RE THROUGH!
STICK ALONG WITH YOU UNTIL YOU MAKE YOUR COMEBACK? HA! HA! WHAT COMEBACK?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, JUD? YOU'RE THROUGH IN SHOW BIZ... AND I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

FOR NIGHTS, JUD TRIED TO GET UP THE COURAGE TO KILL HIMSELF...
KILL MYSELF? WHY SHOULD I? I'LL SHOW THEM THAT JUD JARMAN ISN'T THROUGH!
WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! NOBODY BUT ME WOULD THINK OF IT!
GELASIUS THEATRICAL SUPPLIES
And INSIDE...
GELASIUS, MY GOOD FRIEND! IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER!
YES, MANY YEARS! YOU WERE ON THE WAY UP, AND I-- GELASIUS, THE GREAT--WAS ON THE WAY DOWN! THE PUBLIC PREFERRED TO LAUGH AT YOUR JOKES!
SHOULDN'T BE ANY HARD FEELINGS! AFTER ALL, YOU WERE SMART TO OPEN THIS THEATRICAL SUPPLY SHOP!
BUT YOU HAD TRICKS THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER DUPLICATED, GELASIUS... AND YOU KNOW STRANGE MYSTERIES... THAT'S WHY I COME TO YOU!
I WANT TO PLAY A JOKE! I THOUGHT YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH SOMETHING THAT WOULD GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF DEATH!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE EVERYONE THINK I KILLED MYSELF! I'D EVEN HAVE A "FUNERAL"... BE "BURIED"...! THEN WITH YOUR HELP, I'LL RETURN UNDER A NEW NAME!
VERY FUNNY! I'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS IT WITH MY PARTNER!

SHORTLY AFTER I WENT INTO THIS BUSINESS I ACQUIRED A PARTNER! COME... YOU MUST MEET HIM!

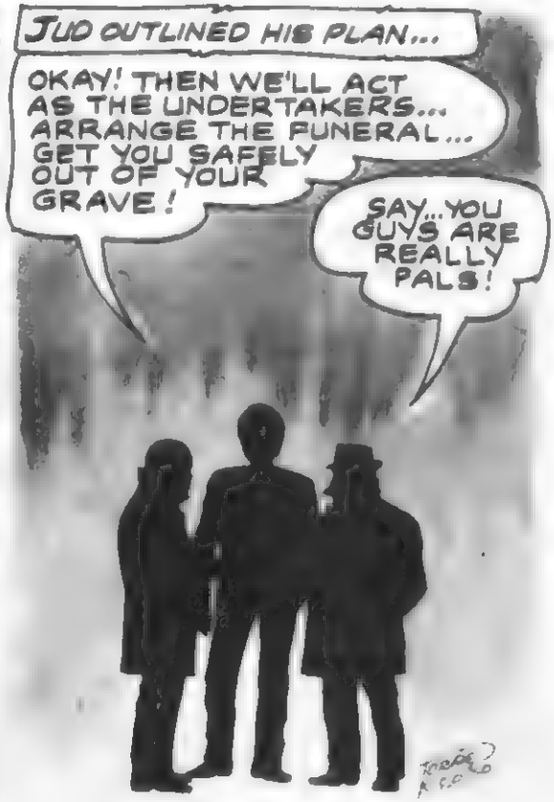
UGH! THESE MASKS AND HEADS COULD SCARE A GUY TO DEATH!
THE SITUATION YOU HAVE IN MIND IS JUST THE SORT OF THING MY PARTNER ENJOYS!

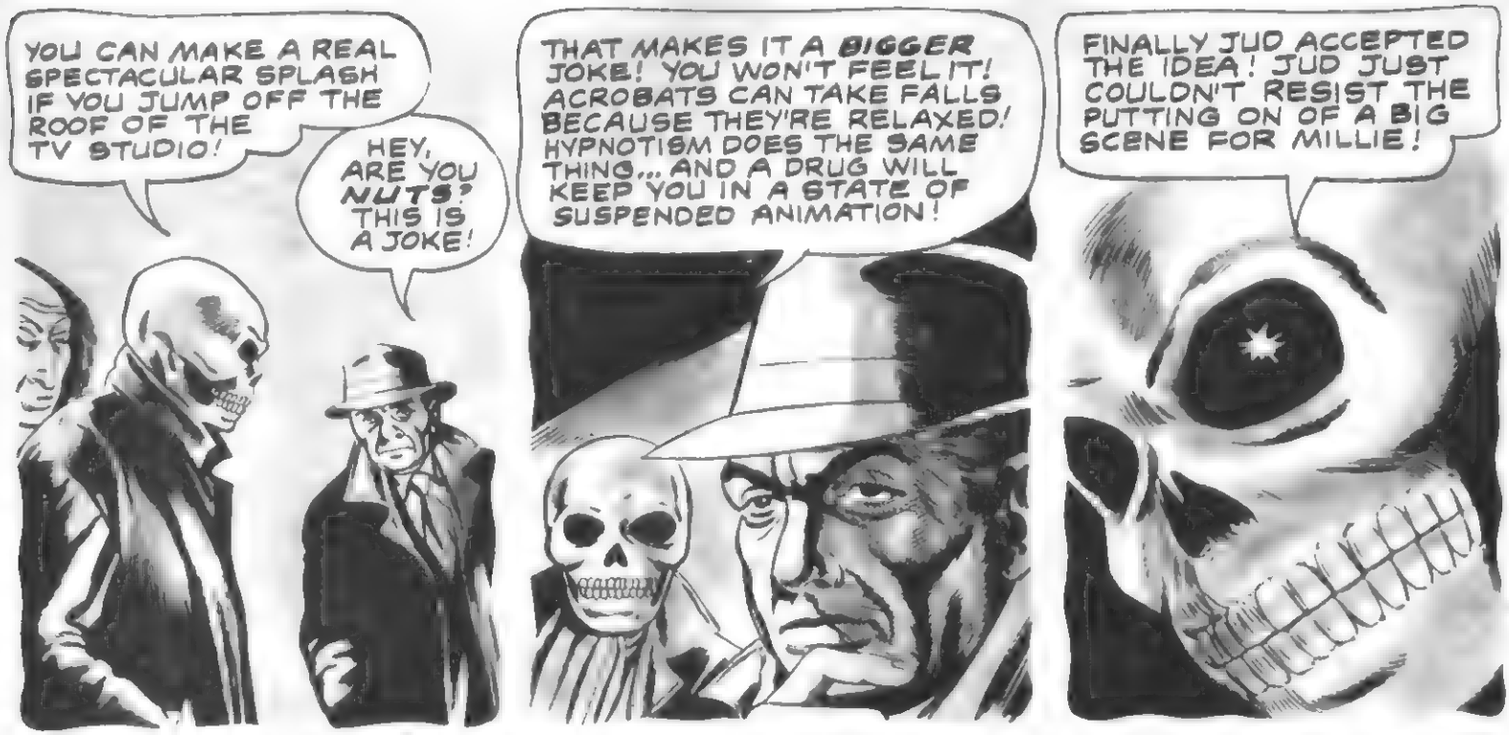
DON'T BE STARTLED BY HIS LOOKS... HE, TOO ENJOYS HIS LITTLE GAG... AND USUALLY APPEARS IN CHARACTER! I CALL HIM MR. CREEP!
HA! HA! THAT'S REAL FUNNY!

And GELASIUS OPENED THE DOOR...
ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH, I ALWAYS SAY!
DO YOU NOW? WELL-WELL... YOU'RE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!

AFTER HIS FIRST SHOCK AT MR. CREEP, JUD WENT ALONG WITH THE GAG...
SOME MAKE-UP! YOU'RE AN ARTIST!
I KNOW, BUT MY REAL TALENT LIES IN PUTTING ON A SHOW!

THAT'S WHAT JUD HAD IN MIND! HE WANTS TO PUT ON A SUICIDE ACT... AND RETURN WITH A NEW PERSONALITY!
WHAT AN AMUSING IDEA!


JUD OUTLINED HIS PLAN...
OKAY! THEN WE'LL ACT AS THE UNDERTAKERS... ARRANGE THE FUNERAL... GET YOU SAFELY OUT OF YOUR GRAVE!
SAY... YOU GUYS ARE REALLY PALS!


YOU CAN MAKE A REAL SPECTACULAR SPLASH IF YOU JUMP OFF THE ROOF OF THE TV STUDIO!
HEY, ARE YOU NUTS? THIS IS A JOKE!
THAT MAKES IT A BIGGER JOKE! YOU WON'T FEEL IT! ACROBATS CAN TAKE FALLS BECAUSE THEY'RE RELAXED! HYPNOTISM DOES THE SAME THING... AND A DRUG WILL KEEP YOU IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!
FINALLY JUD ACCEPTED THE IDEA! JUD JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE PUTTING ON OF A BIG SCENE FOR MILLIE!

JUD LET GELASIUS PUT HIM UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL THAT NIGHT AND GAVE HIM A DRUG TO TAKE. THE NEXT MORNING AT THE TV STUDIO...
LOOK! I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE!
JUD... I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!
I JUST CAME TO TELL YOU THAT I'M JUMPING OFF THIS BUILDING... AND THAT AFTER I'M DEAD I'LL COME BACK AND HAUNT ALL OF YOU!

AND QUICKLY JUD DASHED AWAY...
HEY, STOP THAT GUY! HE'S GONE NUTS!
HE WON'T DO IT! I KNOW HE WON'T! IT-- IT'S JUST AN ACT!
WHAT AN AUDIENCE! WHY, BY TONIGHT, NO ONE WILL BE TALKING ABOUT ANYONE ELSE BUT JUD JARMAN! HA! HA!

WHEN JUD GOT TO THE ROOF...
STAY BACK! MY CAREER IS RUINED! I'LL KILL MYSELF! I THOUGHT OF HANGING MYSELF IN HER DRESSING ROOM, BUT SHE WOULDN'T WANT ME HANGING AROUND! HA! GET IT! HANGING AROUND!

THAT'S THE KIND OF COMEDIAN JUD JARMAN IS! HE DIES LAUGHING WITH A JOKE ON HIS LIPS!

THEN...AS HORRIFIED THRONGS WATCH, JUD HURTLES THROUGH SPACE...

COMEDIAN JUD JARMAN KILLS SELF IN JUMP FROM STUDIO BUILDING! DIES WITH JOKE ON LIPS BLAMING WIFE SPONSOR AND DANNY LAMOND, PROGRAM DIRECTOR FOR RUINING HIS CAREER!

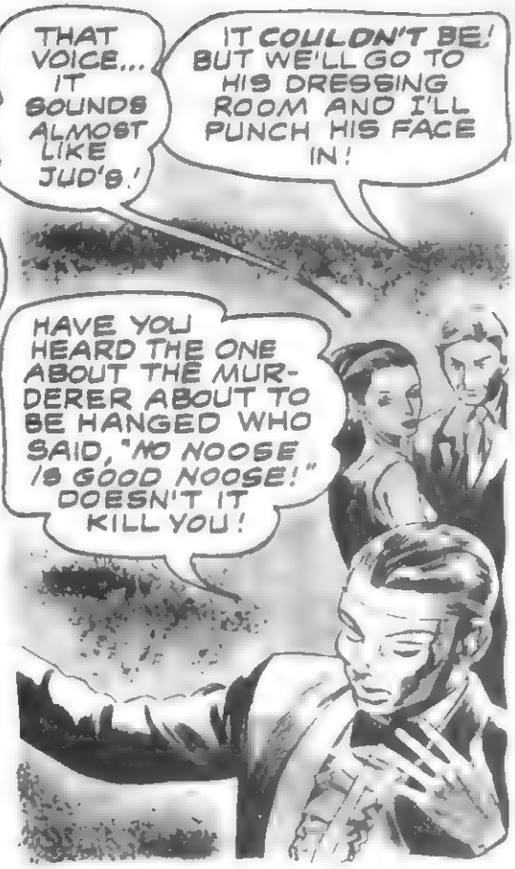
JUD'S WILL STIPULATED THAT GELASIUS SHOULD TAKE CHARGE OF HIS FUNERAL...
W-WHY, EVERYBODY'S COMING TO HIS FUNERAL! WHAT A JOKE!
AND WHAT A JOKE HE PLAYED ON US! EVERYBODY'S LOOKING AT US AS IF WE WERE A COUPLE OF JERKS!

AMAZING! NOT EVEN AN ACHE OR A PAIN! DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT! NOW FOR THE "BURIAL"... AND THEN... HA! HA...

AH, YES, JUD! YOU'LL COME BACK! IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SHOW!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, EVERYONE WAS TALKING ABOUT THE NEW "HIT" COMEDIAN...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MASKED MONSTER OF MIRTH!
WHAT A JOKE! NO ONE WOULD DREAM I'M JUD JARMAN! SO WHEN I KILL MILLIE AND DANNY IT WILL BE THE PERFECT CRIME!

THAT'S ME, FOLKS! THE MASKED MONSTER OF MIRTH! SCARE YOU? SPEAKING OF SCARES, I HEARD THAT JUD JARMAN THREATENED TO HAUNT HIS WIFE, BUT HE HASN'T GOT A HAUNTING LICENSE! GET IT?
DANNY! WHO IS HE? WHY DOES HE WANT TO HURT ME?


THAT VOICE... IT SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE JUD'S!
IT COULDN'T BE! BUT WE'LL GO TO HIS DRESSING ROOM AND I'LL PUNCH HIS FACE IN!
HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE MURDERER ABOUT TO BE HANGED WHO SAID, "NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE!" DOESN'T IT KILL YOU!

MILLIE AND DANNY WENT TO THE COMEDIAN'S DRESSING ROOM, BUT HE WASN'T THERE! WHEN MILLIE GOT HOME...
HELLO, MILLIE! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE CONDEMNED MAN BEING RUSHED TO THE GALLOWS...
JUD! OH, NO... IT CAN'T BE!

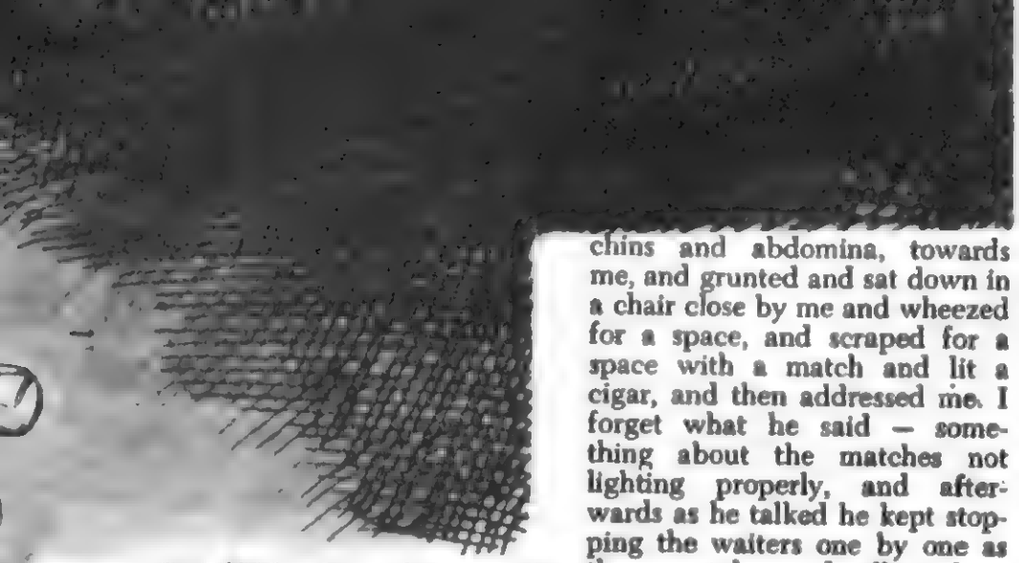
MILLIE LEANED TOO FAR BACKWARD, AND...
HA! I MUST'VE STARTLED MY DEAR WIFE! SHE TOOK THE SAME END I DID... ONLY HERS WILL BE PERMANENT!
EEOOWW!

SO, I'M A BROKEN-DOWN-COMEDIAN, EH? WHEN THEY FIND YOU... YOU'LL BE BROKEN DOWN YOURSELF! HA!
JUST PART OF MY NEW ROUTINE! YOU TOLD ME I NEEDED ONE, REMEMBER?

AND...
I JUST DROPPED BY TO THANK YOU BOYS! I WON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE! I SHOWED THEM WHO WAS THROUGH! HA!
I'M AFRAID THE LAST LAUGH ISN'T YOURS, JUD!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN--NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR IT! YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE STILL ALIVE, DID YOU? FROM THE TIME YOU ENTERED THIS SHOP YOU WERE JUST PART OF ONE OF MR. CREEPS LITTLE JOKES! THEY'RE ALWAYS VERY FUNNY! HA! HA!
THE END

THE WEIRD FAT MAN



HE SITS NOT a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye — and usually I catch his eye — it meets me with an expression . . .

It is mainly an imploring look — and yet with suspicion in it.

Confound his suspicion! If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. I don't tell and I don't tell, and he ought to feel at his ease. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell?

Poor old Pyecraft! Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London.

He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. Confound him! — with his eyes on me!

That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you *will* be abject, since you *will* behave as though I was not a man of honor, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down — the plain truth about Pyecraft. The man I helped, the man I shielded, and who has requited me by making my club unendurable, with his liquid appeal, with the perpetual "don't tell" of his looks.

And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating?

Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Pyecraft . . . I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said — something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But anyhow, it was in some way we began our talking.

He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. "*You* ought to be a good cricketer," he said. I suppose I am slender, slender to what some people would call lean, and I suppose I am rather dark, still — I am not ashamed of having a Hindu great-grandmother, but, for all that, I don't want casual strangers to see through me at a glance to *her*. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning.

But he only talked about me in order to get to himself.

"I expect," he said, "you take no more exercise than I do, and probably you eat no less." (Like all excessively obese people he fancied he ate nothing.) "Yet" — and he smiled an oblique smile — "we differ."

And then he began to talk about his fatness and his fatness; all he did for his fatness and all he was going to do for his fatness; what people had advised him to do for his fatness and what he had heard of people doing for fatness similar to his. "*A priori*," he said, "one would think a question of nutrition could be answered by drugs." It was stifling. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him.

ONE STANDS that sort of thing once in a while at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandised round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner — almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I *might* — that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no else presented.

"I'd give anything to get it down," he would say — "anything," and peer at me over his vast cheeks and pant.

Poor old Pyecraft! He had just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake!

He came to the actual thing one day. "Our Pharmacopoeia," he said, "our Western Pharmacopoeia, is anything but the last word of medical science. In the East, I've been told . . ."

He stopped and stared at me. It was like being at an aquarium.

I was quite suddenly angry with him. "Look here," I said, "who told you about my great-grandmother's recipes?"

"Well," he fenced.

"Every time we've met for a week," I said — "and we've met pretty often — you've given me a broad hint or so about that little secret of mine."

"Well," he said, "now the cat's out of the bag, I'll admit, yes, it is so, I had it . . ."

"From Pattison?"

"Indirectly," he said, which I believe was lying, "yes."

"Pattison," I said, "took that stuff at his own risk."

He pursed his mouth and bowed.

"My great-grandmother's recipes," I said, "are queer things to handle. My father was near making me promise . . ."

"He didn't?"

"No. But he warned me. He himself used one — once."

"Ah! . . . But do you think — ? Suppose — suppose there did happen to be one . . ."

"The things are curious documents," I said. "Even the smell of 'em . . . No!"

But after going so far Pyecraft was resolved I should go farther. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with

Pyecraft. I had got to the state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, *take* the risk!" The little affair of Pattison to which I have alluded was a different matter altogether. What it was doesn't concern us now, but I knew, anyhow, that the particular recipe I used then was safe. The rest I didn't know so much about, and, on the whole, I was inclined to doubt their safety pretty completely.

Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned . . .

I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking.

THAT EVENING I took that queer, odd-scented sandal-wood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me — though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation — and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it.

"Look here," said I to Pyecraft next day, and snatched the slip away from his eager grasp.

"So far as I can make it out, this is a recipe for Loss of Weight. ("Ah!" said Pyecraft.) I'm not absolutely sure, but I think it's that. And if you take my advice you'll leave it alone. Because, you know — I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft — my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. See?"

"Let me try it," said Pyecraft.

I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. "What in Heaven's name, Pyecraft," I asked, "do you think you'll look like when you get thin?"

He was impervious to reason. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened — never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin.

"It's nasty stuff," I said.

"No matter," he said, and took

it.

He goggled at it. "But — but . . ." he said.

He had just discovered that it wasn't English.

"To the best of my ability," I said, "I will do you a translation."

I did my best. After that we didn't speak for a fortnight. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of a fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in.

"I must speak," he said. "It isn't fair. There's something wrong. It's done me no good. You're not doing your great-grandmother justice."

"Where's the recipe?"

He produced it gingerly from his pocket-book.

I ran my eye over the items. "Was the egg addled?" I asked.

"No. Ought it to have been?"

"That," I said, "goes without saying in all my poor dear great-grandmother's recipes. When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing . . . And there's one or two possible alternatives to some of these other things. You got *fresh* rattlesnake venom?"

"I got rattle snake from Jamrach's. It cost — it cost . . ."

"That's your affair, anyhow. This last item . . ."

"I know a man who . . ."

"Yes. H'm. Well, I'll write the alternatives down. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog."

FOR A MONTH after that I saw Pyecraft constantly at the club and as fat and anxious as eved. He kept our treaty, but at times he broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. Then one day in the cloakroom he said, "Your great-grandmother . . ."

"Not a word against her," I said; and he held his peace.

I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new members about his fatness as though he was in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came.

"Mr. Fornalyn!" bawled a page-boy under my nose, and I took the telegram and opened it

at once.

"For Heaven's sake come — Pyecraft."

"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch.

I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there as soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar.

"Mr. Pyecraft?" said I, at the front door.

They believed he was ill; he hadn't been out for two days.

"He expects me," said I, and they sent me up.

I rang the bell at the lattice-door upon the landing.

"He shouldn't have tried it, anyhow," I said to myself. "A man who eats like a pig ought to look like a pig."

An obviously worthy woman, with an anxious face and a carelessly placed cap, came and surveyed me through the lattice.

I gave my name and she let me in in a dubious fashion.

"Well?" said I, as we stood together inside Pyecraft's piece of the landing.

"'E said you was to come in if you came," she said, and regarded me, making no motion to show me anywhere. And then, confidentially, "'E's locked in, sir."

"Locked in?"

"Locked himself in yesterday morning and 'asn't let any one in since, sir. And ever and again *swearing*. Oh, my!"

I stared at the door she indicated by her glances. "In there?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"What's up?"

She shook her head sadly, "'E keeps on calling for vittles, sir. *'Eavy* vittles 'e wants. I get 'im what I can. Pork 'e's 'ad, sooit puddin', sossiges, noo bread. Everythink like that. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. 'E's eatin', sir, somethink *awful*."

There came a piping bawl from inside the door: "That Fornalyn?"

"That you, Pyecraft?" I shouted, and went and banged the door.

"Tell her to go away."

I did.

Then I could hear a curious pattering upon the door, almost like some one feeling for the handle in the dark, and Pyecraft's familiar grunts.

"It's all right," I said, "she's gone."

But for a long time the door didn't open.

I heard the key turn. Then Pyecraft's voice said, "Come in."

I turned the handle and opened the door. Naturally I expected to see Precraft.

Well, you know, he wasn't there!

I NEVER HAD such a shock in my life. There was his sitting-room in a state of untidy disorder, plates and dishes among the books and writing things, and several chairs overturned, but Pycraft . . .

"It's all right, o' man; shut the door," he said, and then I discovered him.

There he was right up close to the cornice in the corner by the door, as though some one had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. "Shut the door," he said. "If that woman gets hold of it . . ."

I shut the door, and went and stood away from him and stared.

"If anything gives way and you tumble down," I said, "you'll break your neck, Pyecraft."

"I wish I could," he wheezed.

"A man of your age and weight getting up to kiddish gymnastics . . .

"Don't," he said, and looked agonized.

"I'll tell you," he said, and gesticulated.

"How the deuce," said I, "are you holding on up there?"

And then abruptly I realized that he was not holding on at all, that he was floating up there — just as a gas-filled bladder might have floated in the same position. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to clamber down the wall to me. "It's that prescription," he panted, as he did so. "Your great-gran . . ."

He took hold of a framed engraving rather carelessly as he spoke and it gave way, and he flew back to the ceiling again, while the picture smashed onto the sofa. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel.

It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great, fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. "That prescription," he said. "Too successful."

"How?"

"Loss of weight — almost complete."

And then, of course, I understood.

"By Jove, Pyecraft," said I, "what you wanted was a cure for fatness! But you always called it weight."

Somehow I was extremely delighted. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. "Let me help you!" I said, and took his hand and pulled him down. He kicked about, trying to get a foothold somewhere. It was very much like holding a flag on a windy day.

"That table," he said, pointing, "is solid mahogany and very heavy. If you can put me under that . . ."

I DID, AND there he wallowed about like a captive baloon, while I stood on his hearthrug and talked to him.

I lit a cigar. "Tell me," I said, "what happened?"

"I took it,' he said.

"How did it taste?"

"Oh, *beastly!*"

I should fancy they all did. Whether one regards the ingredients or the probable compound, or the possible results, almost all my great-grandmother's remedies appear, to me at least, to be extraordinarily uninviting. For my own part . . . "I took a little sip first."

"Yes?"

"And I felt lighter and better after an hour. I decided to take the draught."

"My dear Pyecraft!"

"I held my nose," he explained. "And then I kept on getting lighter and lighter — and helpless, you know."

He gave way suddenly to a burst of passion. "What the goodness am I to *do?*"

"There's one thing pretty evident," I said, "that you mustn't do. If you go out of doors you'll go up and up." I waved an arm upward. "They'd have to send Santos-Dumont after you to bring you down again."

"I suppose it will wear off?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you can count on that," I said.

And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, self-indulgent man to behave under trying circumstances — that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and of my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion.

"I never asked you to take the stuff," I said.

And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his armchair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion.

I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point.

He became noisy and violent so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. "And then," said I, "you committed the sin of euphuism. You called it, not Fat, which is just and inglorious, but Weight. You . . ."

He interrupted to say that he recognized all that. What was he to *do?*

I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. I suggested that it would not be difficult for him to learn to walk about on the ceiling with his hands . . .

"I can't sleep," he said.

But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress, fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said; and after some squabbling he agreed to that. (Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions). He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals could be laid on the top of his bookcase. We also hit on an ingenious de-

vice by which he could get to the floor whenever he wanted, which was simply to put the *British Encyclopaedia* (tenth edition) on the top of his open shelves. He just pulled out a couple of volumes and held on, and down he came. And we agreed there must be iron staples along the skirting, so that he could cling to those whenever he wanted to get about the room on the lower level.

AS WE GOT on with the thing I found myself almost keenly interested. It was I who called in the housekeeper and broke matters to her, and it was I chiefly who fixed up the inverted bed. In fact, I spent two whole days at his flat. I am a handy, interfering sort of man with a screwdriver, and I made all sorts of ingenious adaptations for him — ran a wire to ring his bells within reach, turned all his electric lights up instead of down, and so on. The whole affair was extremely curious and interesting to me, and it was delightful to think of Precraft like some great, fat blow-fly, crawling about on his ceiling and clambering round the lintels of his doors from one room to another, and never, never, never coming to the club any more . . .

Then, you know, my fatal ingenuity got the better of me. I was sitting by his fire drinking his whisky, and he was up in his favorite corner by the cornice, tacking a Turkey carpet to the ceiling, when the idea struck me. "By Jove, Pyecraft!" I said, "all this is totally unnecessary."

And before I could calculate the complete consequences of my notion I blurted it out. "Lead underclothing," said I, and the mischief was done.

Pyecraft received the thing almost in tears. "To be right ways up again . . ." he said.

I gave him the whole secret before I saw where it would take me. "Buy sheet lead," I said, "stamp it into discs. Sew 'em all over your underclothes until you have enough. Have lead-soled boots, carry a bag of solid lead, and the thing is done! Instead of being a prisoner here you may go abroad again, Pyecraft; you may travel . . ."

A still happier idea came to me. "You need never fear a shipwreck. All you need do is just slip off some or all of your clothes, take the necessary amount of luggage in your hand, and float up in the air . . ."

In his emotion he dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be able to come back to the club again."

The thing pulled me up short. "By Jove!" I said faintly. "Yes. Of course — you will."

He did. He does. There he sits behind me now, stuffing — as I live! — a third go of buttered tea-cake. And no one in the whole world knows — except his housekeeper and me — that he weighs practically nothing; that he is a mere boring mass of assimilatory matter, mere clouds in clothing, *niente, nefas,* the most inconsiderable of men. There he sits watching until I have done this writing. Then, if he can, he will waylay me. He will come billowing up to me . . .

He will tell me over and again all about it, how it feels, how it doesn't feel, how he sometimes hopes it is passing off a little. And always somewhere in that fat, abundant discourse he will say, "The secret's keeping, eh? If any one knew of it — I should be so ashamed . . . Makes a fellow look such a fool, you know. Crawling about on a ceiling and all that . . ."

And now to elude Pyecraft, occupying, as he does, an admirable strategic position between me and the door.

KARATE

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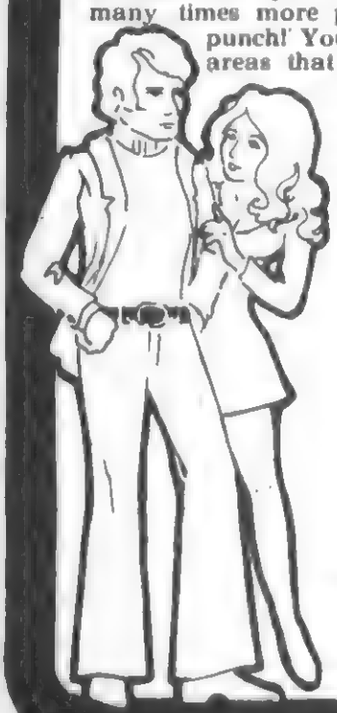

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TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF LIFE IS TO INVITE THE COLD, CLAMMY HANDS OF DEATH ON YOUR SHOULDER...

THE MONSTER THAT BURNS

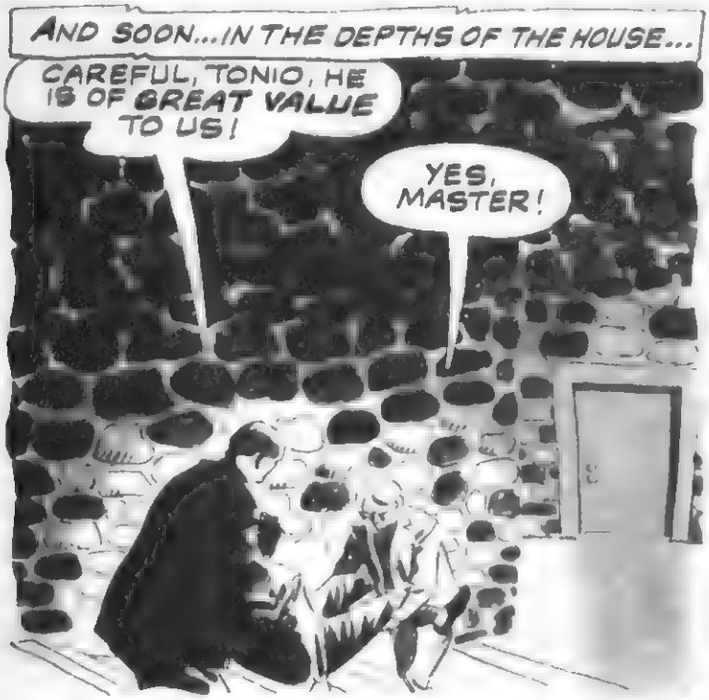
M-MASTER! NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE!

FOUL TRAITOR! IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE!

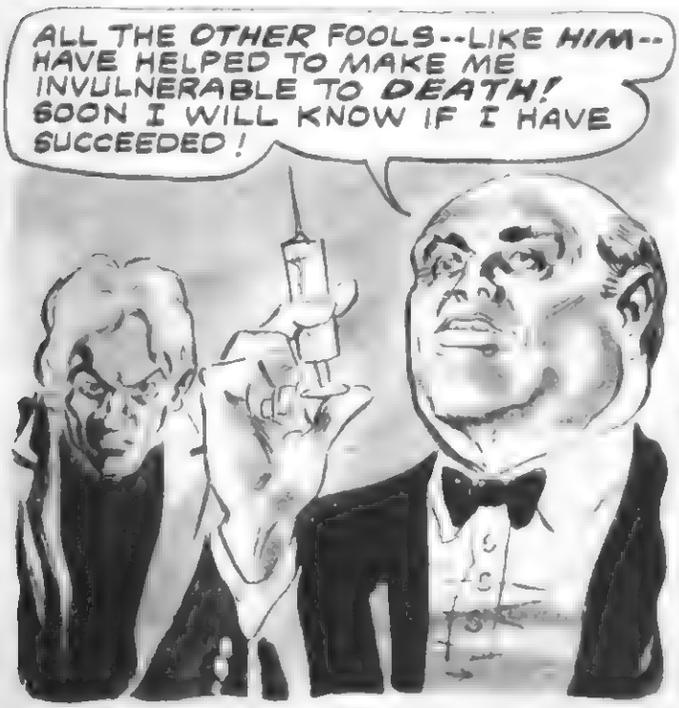
IN THE MUSTY, ANCIENT HOME OF FREDRICK BARCLEY, TWO MEN ARE SEATED AROUND THE DINNER TABLE ENGAGED IN THE PLEASANT TALK OF OLD FRIENDS...

...AND THAT IS MY INSATIABLE TASTE FOR--DEATH--

...ANOTHER'S DEATH!!
AARGH-H!


AND SOON...IN THE DEPTHS OF THE HOUSE...
CAREFUL, TONIO, HE IS OF GREAT VALUE TO US!
YES, MASTER!

ANOTHER FINE SPECIMEN! PERHAPS THE HORMONE EXTRACTED FROM HIS BODY, WILL GIVE ME THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!


ALL THE OTHER FOOLS--LIKE HIM--HAVE HELPED TO MAKE ME INVULNERABLE TO DEATH! SOON I WILL KNOW IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED!

HAVING SERVED ITS TERRIBLE PURPOSE, THE BODY OF THE FORMER FRIEND IS THROWN INTO A BLAZING FURNACE...
TAKE CARE IT IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED! WE MUST LEAVE NO TRACE...
YES, MASTER!

BUT AS HIS MASTER LEAVES, A SINISTER SMILE PLAYS ABOUT THE SERVANT'S FACE...
YOU ARE THE FOOL, MASTER! THE HORMONE EXTRACT YOU ASKED ME TO DISCARD HAS BEEN PUT TO USE BY ME! WE SHALL SEE WHO WILL BE THE VICTOR!
TONIGHT, MY MASTER WILL BECOME LIKE THOSE MURDERED BY HIM! MERE DEAD FLESH FOR EXPERIMENT!
LATE THAT EVENING THE HIDEOUS SERVANT MOVES SILENTLY TOWARDS HIS MASTER'S ROOM, WHEN SUDDENLY...
WHO COULD THAT BE?
BRRNNGG
HELLO, TONIO!
MISTER STEVEN!
WHY, HELLO, STEVEN! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE MY FAVORITE NEPHEW... EVEN AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR!
I'M SORRY IF I WOKE YOU, UNCLE!
SEATED IN THE LIVING ROOM, THE OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS ARE NOT THOSE OF A LOVING UNCLE!
WHAT AN OPPORTUNE TIME FOR HIM TO CALL! HE MIGHT WELL BE MY LAST SPECIMEN!
AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, UNCLE?

I'VE BEEN MAKING OUT MY WILL, STEVEN! OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE MY MAIN BENEFICIARY!
I DO!

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT DEATH MIGHT BE A LONG WAY OFF... A VERY LONG WAY OFF!!
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?

I AM A POOR MAN WHO LIKES EXPENSIVE THINGS, UNCLE...I SHOULD HATE HAVING TO WAIT ANY LONGER!

IN FACT, I DON'T INTEND TO WAIT.. AND SO, YOU MUST...
STEVEN! NO! DON'T!

WITH TERRIFYING SPEED, THE POKER COMES CRASHING DOWN!
...DIE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY MASTER?
HE'S DEAD NOW, TONIO! SERVE ME IN HIS PLACE...AND I WILL SEE THAT YOU GET PART OF THE INHERITANCE!

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS.

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY **$1.00**

Imagine your friends shock when they see the "MONSTER" reaching out —sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472MR26
LYNBROOK, N. Y. 11563

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE

ONLY **$7.98** Complete

FREE

NEW THRILLING SENSATION!

ADDS **3-D STEREO** EFFECT

Makes People Look So Full and Real, You'll Feel You Can Reach Out and Touch Them

Just put on the "Miracle Specs" and you achieve a thrilling new experience. You see — not the old flat pictures you've seen for years — but life-like round images so real you "know" you could reach out to touch and feel them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are $2.98 each.

FEATURES

- Sturdy construction for long life
- Speed control for fast or slow motion
- Projects color or black and white
- Complete with screen
- Guaranteed

No Need To Miss Out On the Fun of Private Movies Now at this Low Price

Here is a projector which, though precision-engineered and sturdily built for long use, is so reasonably-priced that everyone can now enjoy the thrills of showing home movies or standard 8 mm commercial movies. And it's so easy to operate that even a child can learn to use it quickly. Its double lens system and smooth operation give amazing performance. And — because it so compact, you can take it with you anywhere and show your home movies to friends or relatives. It comes in its own carrying case. Closes completely for easy portability. No need to unwind electric cord and hunt for an outlet either —because it has no cord. The batteries (available anywhere) stored in the base do all the work — and they're ready at the flip of a switch. This quick-focusing automatic Projector shows 8mm color or black-and-white film. If you wish to stop it at a particular frame, you can do so. Speed control lets you speed up film or slow down the action for enjoyment of every detail. (Batteries not included).

Try It For 10 Days On Our Money-Back Guarantee! So sure are we that you will be delighted with this versatile Projector, that we invite you to try it for 10 days and then, if you don't agree that it a wonderful buy, return it to us and we'll refund the purchase price — with no questions asked. **Don't Delay — Send Your Order Now!**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS Dept. 472NC26
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

Rush me the 8mm Portable Projector together with one set of Stereo Specs. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 days trial for refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclose $7.98 (please add 75c shipping charges).

☐ Send COD. I enclose $1 deposit and will pay the postman balance plus postage and COD handling charges on delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... ZIP

☐ Send me ..... Stereo Specs @ $2.98 each.

N.Y. State Residents Please Add Sales Tax.

COLT "45"

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING

Only **$1.00**

"STINGER AUTOMATIC"

50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and feels like a real Colt "45" automatic fully 6 inches long — 4 inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action, combat type target practice. **FREE** supply of targets and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NY City.

HONOR HOUSE Dept 472AT26 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

IMPORTED LOCK BLADE STILETTO

9" Overall Length
5" When Closed

- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

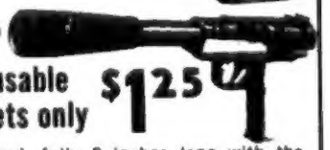
Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send **$2.75** plus 25c to cover postage and handling.

ONLY **$2.75**

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept. 472ST26
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

"POWER AUTOMATIC" Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER



FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

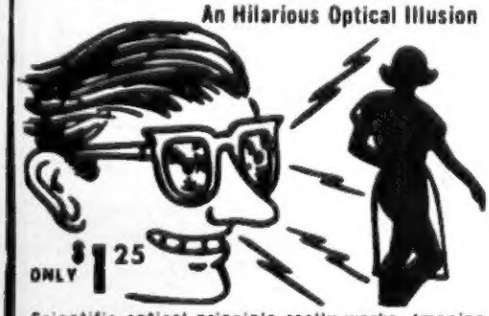
Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 472PA26
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

Not sold in NYC

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY **$1.25**

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. only $1.25 plus 25¢ shipping charges Money Back Guarantee

HONOR HOUSE DEPT 472XC26 **LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563**

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

PELLET FIRING LUGER® AUTOMATIC

- MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP
- OVER 15 MOVING PARTS
- FULLY AUTOMATIC

ONLY **$1.98**

Not Sold In New York City

Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol —contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. **Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.**

MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN

Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. **Full Money Back Guarantee. Simply send $1.98 plus 50c shipping charge**

HONOR HOUSE CORP., 472LG26 **Lynbrook, N. Y.**

® T.M. Used by consent of Stoeger Arms Corp.

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

20 COURSE HOME STUDY PROGRAM

KARATE JIU-JITSU

JUDO, BOXING, SAVATE, Isometric Muscle Building, Endurance, Stunts, etc.

Only **$1.00**

Here is what you get!

- 20 best KARATE Blows and Chops
- SAVATE French foot fighting
- Nerve center anatomy chart
- JUDO throws, Jiu Jitsu holds
- Isometric muscle building course
- Endurance Exercises and lots more

FREE Karate Practice and Nerve Center Chart

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send just $1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling to:

GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS DEPT. 472KR26
LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

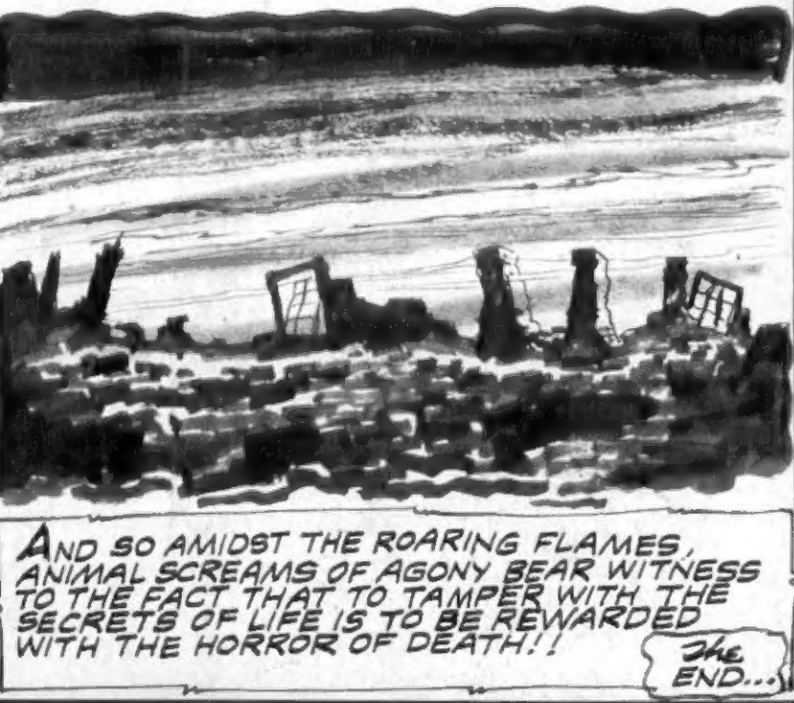
YOU SEE...I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN SURVIVING THE HELLISH FIRE! I HAVE GAINED THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE!
B-BUT THE FLAMES... THE FLAMES!

PERHAPS ONE MORE INJECTION -- AND THE FIRE OF THE FURNACE WOULD NOT HAVE SINGED ME! YOU MUST PAY FOR THAT!!
NO! AIIEEE!

HIS CLOTHES MADE A TORCH BY THE MADMAN WHO WAS ONCE HIS MASTER, THE SERVANT RUNS WILDLY FROM THE ROOM!

I CAN'T DIE!! I CAN'T...

..DIE... YARRRGH-H-H!


AND SO AMIDST THE ROARING FLAMES, ANIMAL SCREAMS OF AGONY BEAR WITNESS TO THE FACT THAT TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF LIFE IS TO BE REWARDED WITH THE HORROR OF DEATH!!
THE END...